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THE

WEDDING DAYS

OF

FORMER TIMES.

BY THOMAS P. HUNT,

THE DRUNKARD'S FRIEND.

PHILADELPHIA:
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THE WEDDING DAYS OF FORMER TIMES.

THE happiest wedding I ever attended, was the first cold-water wedding I had witnessed. I will not say that a part of the pleasure did not arise from the fact that it was my own wedding: an event that I had almost despaired of ever being realized. And which, when it came, only made me sorry that it had not happened long time ago. It was not my fault, however, that matters had been delayed so long. Nor do I know that it was any body else's fault. If it may be called my misfortune, I may console myself with the reflection, that it did not last always, and that it is now over. There may be some reason to believe that a woman may pass her life in single blessedness, and yet

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be greatly respected, eminently useful, and happy. But if there be any man who has found it good to be alone, I confess that I envy not his preparation and fitness, or adaptation for such an isolated and withering condition. I always fancied that but few men improved in any moral attainment, or could become bright in all that is lovely, unless they came under the confiding influence and watchful tenderness of woman's love. A mother is the finest thing in the world for a boy, a sister for a youth, and a wife for a man. In a word, from the cradle to the tomb, there is nothing like woman, in the relation that a kind Providence seems to have rendered necessary for man in the several stages of life through which he has to pass. So, at least, I have always believed, and so I ever have found it. Blessed with the best of mothers, and with a sister, now no more, whose heart

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suffered *twice*, once for herself, and once for me, when I was a sufferer, and that was always ready to lay down her happiness to promote mine, I was never under the necessity of believing that a virtuous woman was a rare thing under the sun; nor that happiness could not be found in her smiles, nor safety in her confidence and counsels. I do not remember the day that I was not in love. If I met with those who could not reciprocate my affection, I always found comfort in the belief, that the attractions peculiar to the virtuous sex were not all confined to one. And that there was one, somewhere to be found, who, as lovely and affectionate as the rest, would make me happy. And I confess that, sometimes, I found myself quieting my mind, when labouring under the sore mortification of a rejection, with the reflection, that if I had lost a good wife, some

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body had lost a good husband. After years of hope, I at last got married to what was then (1832) not a very common thing; even to a girl who was from principle a Tetotaless. I had seen some things in my life that I desired never to see in my house; what those were, may be communicated to the world by and by. For the present, suffice it to say, the certain conviction that the constitutions of men and women are just alike, induced me to advise all ladies to adopt as their motto, "Tetotalism or no husband," and to form the resolution for myself, "Tetotalism or no wife." As to my wedding day, I did nothing towards advising how it should be conducted. I was a Tetotaler; my girl was a Tetotaless; and the minister that married us was no liquor drinker. I had no occasion to say a word on the subject. We had no intoxicating liquor. We needed none. We

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were happy enough without it. It was not self alone, however, that made me happy in witnessing a wedding without the intoxicating bowl. But the hope that the example would soon become common, of dispensing with that deadliest bane to human happiness in every collection of the virtuous and refined. The reverse for a long time had been the universal practice.

I knew a father who, at the birth of his eldest daughter procured a large assortment of intoxicating liquors, which he declared should not be used until her death or marriage. "Her death?". Yes; her death. For in those days, liquors, cakes, and drunkenness were often seen at funerals. The awful custom of using intoxicating liquor was not confined to an Irish wake. Both rich and poor alike felt that the funeral arrangements were as incomplete without liquor almost as without

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a hearse or coffin. Fathers have been known to stagger to the grave, husbands to fall down, and sons to be drunken at the burial of all that is dear, even of those whom they most loved and respected.—Strange and revolting as the thought may be, since the custom has passed away, no more, it is to be hoped, ever to return, and when the remembrance of it hangs like a painful dream around the memory of only those whose locks are whitening with age; it is not stranger than the fact, that the custom was attempted to be upheld from divine revelation; and those who opposed it, were branded as ultraists, who sought to bring discredit on the Bible. "Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish, and wine to such as be heavy of heart,' was a passage then thought to be peculiarly applicable and appropriate in sustaining a practice most disgusting, and

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entirely unfitting the mind to derive benefit from that only suitable remedy for the bleeding heart, so plainly enjoined in the words, "Is any sad? let him pray." But it is not of deaths and burials that we write now.

Many fathers, if they did not so long time before hand provide the means of merry-making as did this father, were sure to have them as abundantly as he on the wedding day. And often was this most joyous of all occasions the scene of exhibitions, which humanity and religion desire never to see repeated. Ladies smiled and graced the cup. The father pledged his new son in flowing bumpers. The son pressed upon his bride the scented wine. The attendants joined in mutual congratulations and healths, in other words, drinks, until excitement wild and joyous, ended in a revel for the night. The morning pota-

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tion was called into requisition to repair the damages of the evening's excesses. For days, in the midst of friends, and joy, and fruition, none to hurt and none to offend, even watchful morality and tender love slept on their posts, because they feared no danger. From house to house, where ever they went, the liquor flowed as freely as the friendship and kindness that provided them. These wedding days in old fashioned times, when people did not get married, and run from home, or go immediately to house-keeping, but spent some days at least among those that loved and knew them, were regarded almost as days of paradise. Would that they could be continued so far as the collecting of the playmates and associates of the youthful bride and bridegroom, and the friends of the parents are concerned. They were happy days, because they were occasions of confidence,

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friendship and love. Surely on such occasions no evil could befal any! . Yes; for as in the first garden, where no danger was suspected, so often in these festivities, the tempter entered, lulled every fear, hushed every alarm, and enticed with promises of good, and pierced with the poisonous sting, while he whispered, Thou shalt not surely die. The bridegroom often died a drunkard, and the bride broken-hearted, from wounds received on the bridal day! This is no fiction. If motives of tenderness and sympathy now restrain the pen from sustaining the truth of this narration by facts and names, in that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be known, and the hidden causes of all results shall be made plain, who dare deny that an intimate connexion between the wretchedness and woes of life and the drinking festivities of weddings and other festive days will not then be

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made manifest? It is not intended to say that such occasions alone made drunkards. But that they then, as the sustaining of the practice by the polite and friendly does now, furnished an apology for debauch, and occasions for justifiable drunkenness; and oftentimes quickened and sharpened the appetite, and not unfrequently first created it, for intoxicating liquor. Men who would be ashamed to be drunk at home, or at any other public place, have allowed themselves a degree of indulgence again and again at wedding parties, and so far from any disgrace being connected with their drunkenness, have joined in the laugh and the jest, as though no sin had been committed!

One of my school-mates, a modest young man, and sober, too, in his general habits, was so drunk at his own wedding, that he had to be held up when he was married.

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All thought it a fine joke. But from that day he seemed to have a growing attachment to the bottle, and after beggaring his family, died a drunkard.

A young gentleman solicited from a father his daughter and his blessing.

He asked whether he had ever been drunk?

The young man replied that he had not.

"Do you ever drink?"

"Occasionally; but very seldom."

"Then come with me," said the father.

He took him to a hotel—ordered wine—pressed him to drink—urged it upon him, and carried him through the various stages of intoxication. He afterwards told him, that he would never consent to give up his daughter to a man that he had not seen drunk; for it was only in that state that a man would show what was in his heart, and exhibit his true character. He gave

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his consent to the match. The wedding feasting was of the sumptuous kind. The bridegroom was drunk again; and so was the father. Would that it had been the last time. But it was not. Whatever exhibitions of character he may have given in his first experiments, the last evidences were anything but those which a wise father would select for the child of his love. That young man died a drunkard, and dated his fixed propensity for liquor to his wedding day.

Why people should desire intoxicating liquors on such joyful, happy, exciting occasions as weddings, is not easily seen.

Among the first advocates of total abstinence, was a gentleman who was invited to a very gay and splendid wedding in former days, conducted in a most liberal and costly style. Wines of every description, and whatever in Holland or Jamaica,

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Scotland or Pennsylvania could be made "good to drink," were there. Total abstinence from a principle that not only restrained from drinking, but also required the reasons of that abstinence to be given in all suitable ways, was then scarcely heard of. There was a wag present, however, who knew this gentleman's views, and desired to see him tested. He accordingly informed the bride's attendants or maids, whose duty, it seems, was in part to see that the wants of all were supplied, that the stranger had had no wine offered to him. Immediately there was an apology for this omission of attention, in the form of a splendid silver salver, on which were superb cut glass decanters and goblets of tasty device, borne by the waiter, and accompanied by two of as lovely females as ever bewitched an old bachelor's heart, who with sweet looks, and smiles most beguiling

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invited the gentleman to join them in drinking the bride's health in a glass of wine. A favour asked, when benevolence towards the solicited beams in every look is hard to be resisted. Sampson was a very strong man, and strong vows were upon him. But that Delilah was not more lovely than many others, whose appeals have stolen from men their strength. It is not recorded that such females as were many at this wedding, ever offered wine to sons of the Rechabites. But if they did, it must have cost an effort to refuse them. At least so felt the stranger.

There is an awkwardness in being alone, even in virtue's paths. Many refuse or neglect to do what is right, and do what is wrong, rather than be singular. What a potent wand this dread of being singular is. It accomplishes wonders, far excelling all that reason and force can do. Just

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throw that coil around the mind, and away flies reason, consistency, religion; in comes trembling, rolling, swelling, smashing, contracting, squeezing, disfiguring, incommoding, all kinds of fashions, it matters not how inconvenient, unbecoming, unpleasant and ludicrous.

A lady, whose dimensions between the poles, the equinoctials, the tropics, the equator and antipodes are nearly of the same measurement, will sink the cords in her flesh, to compress her ribs, and pile around her bustles of enormous size, and rob a cotton bale to stuff the deep gatherings of the bodices, and fill the pockets of her apron with 'kerchiefs, and wear quilted garments, and puff, and pant, and wince along the streets, with a little bonnet on a big head, in the burning heat with a sun shade about as large in circumference as the inner circle of nothing that can be put

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upon a stick, held before her without reference to the position of the solar points! and all for the sake of "not being singular."

A gentleman, of a face somewhat larger than a weasel's, will wear whiskers somewhat smaller than a dusting brush, and soap-locks partly as long as the ears of an Angola goat, without any reference to the lap-dog look they give his eyes, or the sucker appearance it gives his mouth. One of such creatures not long ago, it is said, looked as though he needed a waiter to hold apart his lips' adornments while he shovelled or spooned in his dinner. But who would be singular?

Certainly not that family in which there was a marriage in 183–, near to ——, Pa. The father was unwilling to have intoxicating liquors at the wedding. But the mother and three daughters were against him. Who could resist or overcome the

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determination of three females resolved "not to be singular?" To all the father's remonstrances, the reply was, "Whoever heard of a wedding without wine? It is fashionable. We *cannot* be singular."—Cannot, in this case, was pronounced with an emphasis that sounded very much like "will not." So the father understood it. And as he sometimes found discretion to be the better part of valor, he yielded, with that "well, my dear, to please you," which ought to be called the husband's victory. Wine and liquors were purchased. But the plain cooks of the country did not know how to use such condiments. A cook from the city must be procured. He came. Waiters, too, of fashionable knowledge and city education were called into requisition. The old man's purse began to feel and dread the horrors of exhaustion. But the females were determined "not to

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be singular. The most fashionable ladies had such waiters, and they could not (would not was understood) do without them." It was in vain that the old man urged "That such manners were unusual in the country. That at weddings in such places, the girls were ever ready to help each other; and besides, nobody knew the use of the things they were making, nor how to be waited on by the waiter." It was of no use. The waiters came for a high price.

There is no condition in life more to be dreaded, at least none that strikes more immediately at domestic comfort than a confession of ignorance on the part of the lady of a house, that throws her upon the knowledge of her servants. A lady had better have everything go wrong until she can learn better, than to go to Bridget and Tim, to ask their advice, and show that she is

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dependent on it. If disobedience, contempt and self-will, continually exhibited in a saucy, threatening manner do not follow, then an old man's vision must be more erroneous than dim. Such was the consequence in this case.

The cook began to assume airs. To pacify him, liquor was given him in addition to what he had taken, as drippings of right, and in testing its strength and ascertaining the due proportions required in the different courses under preparation. He became drunk; and with the increasing wisdom of the drunkard, he persevered in having his own way. The cakes, the tarts, the turkeys, pigs, all were disfigured or spoiled. The city cook had to return home, and the ladies were left to their own handy skill and labour to prepare for the numerous hosts that were invited.

The tables were to be served up stairs.

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This custom was not usual among the neighbours, but "it was city fashion." And although not a cit was expected, yet "who would be singular," silenced all remonstrance on the subject. The waiters, who had joined loudly in condemning the cook the day before, now began to feel their importance, just in proportion as the ladies manifested a desire not to be singular, and displayed in their anxiety a total ignorance of city manners, without relinquishing the right that every honest lady feels, to have things according to her own desire. The waiters had an idea that a part of their duty was to become often thirsty. And they did not like to be singular by drinking according to country fashion. "They knew how gentlemen in the city drank," and drank accordingly. Impudence, overturning and spilling the dishes followed. They had to be dismissed.

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The whole labour of two days preparation was thus thrown into one, and upon the strength and time of the females; who had, from a fear of being singular and unfashionable, abandoned the old fashioned custom of giving neighbours' daughters an opportunity of showing how tastefully and cheerfully they could engage in doing a good turn, with no other expectation of reward, than that which might be thankfully accepted, in kind, when occasion required it.

After a great deal of fatigue, and vexation, and blunders, everything was arranged except the bride. To fix her and her sisters was not the work of a moment. All delays are odious. But none are more so than that which sometimes occurs at weddings. But after a while all was ready, and the knot was tied. It was whispered that the minister was not a tetotaler. Although a worthy man, who had done much

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good, and had, deservedly, great influence, his popularity had not yet began to wane with the drinking portion of his audience. Even the drunkards admired his liberality, if they did not profit by his exhortations against their sin. For he was a living evidence, to them at least, that men could drink and yet be respectable. He was invited to grace the bride cup, and his example was followed by all present. At various stages of the entertainment, the cup and glass performed their part. Wit, and mirthful glee were there. Love and song were nearly allied; and love songs are more suitable at weddings than the scenes that soon followed. A misunderstanding took place between two gentlemen. All were ready to reconcile the difference. Each understood it differently, and all were right.—Each had a plan of explanation, and all explained at once. Confusion became con-

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founded, and a general row commenced. If people are not "singular" when they are beyond imitation, then this family had no cause to regret their efforts to be at the head of the fashion. For such "a getting down stairs" as took place that night, will not soon occur again—at least not at another wedding in that family during the father's life. He has often declared that all of his daughters should die old maids, sooner than he would consent to have intoxicating liquor in his house again. Nothing but mortification crowned this effort to avoid being "singular." Yet it differed only in its manifestation from the too frequent price paid for the whistle of fashion.

Still it will not do to be too severe, on this aversion to being out of the fashion. In many instances it is without apology, and beneath contempt. Yet it has a more powerful hold upon many virtuous, sensi-

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tive minds. There are circumstances in which a compliance with custom may seem to be opposed to all our conceptions of duty, yet causes may conspire in presenting a demand for compliance, that will render the refusal painful indeed. And sometimes duty requires a yielding to customs, when they do not violate our duty, although in themselves they may be opposed to our choice, and appear ridiculous in our eyes.

Who dare to be singular, when lovely ladies plead for compliance? Whoever does it without a struggle or an effort, has either by nature a rough, selfish, unpolished, unhappy temper, or has, by a long discipline of grace, attained to a most masterly independence of moral grandeur.

The stranger solicited thus to drink by females, had all his life found his chief happiness in that kind of female society, obedience to whose wishes led to no sor-

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row, brought no remorse and left no sting. How, then, could he refuse this invitation? coming, as he knew, from kind and generous purposes, and marked by distinguishing honours, of being the only gentleman in the room thus singled out and besieged by females, whose very looks told that it was their constant desire, and now prevailing motive of their hearts, "to scatter blessings round them, like a shower of gold." To drink, or not to drink, is a question of no easy solution under such circumstances. O! if woman only knew, or rather, would remember this, for she does know it, how many would it save from the beginning of ruin's ways! The gentleman did, however, refuse. But not with that winning, softening manner which is necessary when, to refuse an offer, is to deny a favour to tender woman. He did not feel unkind, nor ungrateful for the honour and largess

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intended to be bestowed on him. He had a sense, an overwhelming sense of what was due to custom, then regarded as almost sacred, defended from the pulpit, protected by the biblical knowledge of doctors of divinity, and upheld and sanctioned by the most fashionable of the world, as well as a pious portion of the church. He desired not to be rudely singular, nor while he preserved his own feelings to wound those of others. But his convictions had led him to the conclusion, that the use of intoxicating liquors had done more to humble, abase and ruin the very class that then stood before him in their blandishments of innocence urging him to drink, than any other single cause. He had for woman's sake, for the mother, the wife, the sister and the babe's welfare, resolved not only to refuse to drink under any and every circumstance of health and conviviality; but also to be

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not only as a living epistle, but as a trumpet sending forth no uncertain sound on this subject. Struggling with these feelings his answer was somewhat rough in manner, though not unkind in mood. The ladies, with becoming spirits rejoined—"what! have you not gallantry enough to drink a glass of wine with us?"

"It is not the want of gallantry, but the reverse, its true spirit that in part, sustains my refusal."

"How so?"

"I would be ashamed to confess that in the midst of so much innocence and love, beauty and wit, intelligence and grace and true dignity, I could not be buoyant, gay, cheerful and happy, without calling in the aid of liquor to inspire my devotion and to quicken my efforts to please. Were none here present but the dull and stupid, the

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withered and the unpolished, I might need a little foreign aid to excite me."

Whether the ladies were satisfied with the apology may be learned from the sequel. The drunkard's drink soon disappeared. And some of the girls were heard to remark that if any gentleman was attracted or retained there more by the charms of liquor, than of their society, the grog-shop, and not a lady's drawing room was the proper place for him.

He who would object to attending a wedding, or any other party, and who cannot spend a pleasant day and evening without liquor, is no fit companion for life. The sooner such men reform the better for them. And until they do reform, prudence would suggest that every female, who values her own happiness, should avoid being dependent on them for any attention.

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How the idea first gained currency that a wedding is a more proper place for liquors than a funeral, is not known. Once it was better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of mirth. And it is becoming so again. But in former times, both funerals and weddings had but little "better" about them. If the withholding and abandoning of intoxicating liquors has been favourable to the improvement of solemn scenes, would not its banishment from scenes of mirth, be attended with corresponding benefits? If it has been found that the lame attempts to bolster up the vicious practice of drowning sorrow in its cause, by appeals to Scripture have failed, may it be inferred that the same attempt to maintain the use of poisons on occasions of a different character is also unsupported by the Bible?

Never has the design and language of any book been more wrested and perverted

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than has those of the Bible. It is not a system of cosmology. Yet when Columbus had demonstrated to his mind, that the earth was circular, and had on it a larger portion of dry land than had hitherto been known to Europeans, for a while the project of discovery was pronounced not only absurd, but evidently opposed to the Bible. "The Bible," as was gravely determined in a council of Bishops assembled to determine on the subject, "spoke of the corners of the earth. Now a circle has no corners; therefore the earth was not circular, but flat and square." And to assert to the contrary, was to invalidate the truth of the Bible. Yet the contrary was true. And the Bible is just as precious as before.

When another philosopher taught that the sun was the fixed centre round which the earth revolved, the testimony of the Bible was brought to bear against this dis-

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covery. For it spoke of the sun's rising and setting, and standing still, and going back. And the tortures of the Inquisition awaited him who dared to teach a contrary doctrine, for being a blasphemer. And every old woman in the land burned with indignation at the folly and impiety of the new Solar Theory. "They *knew* it was false. For if true, would not all the water flow out of the wells, and the pots tumble up the chimney, as the earth turned over? Then to think of the impossibility of people on the other side, standing one half of their time with their heads down, a thing that ought to have taken place with them too, yet never happened. Besides these impossible things, only imagine the immodesty of such a posture! All the women standing on their heads! The idea was shocking; and he who thought it, was a corrupter of the morals of youth." Yet the system is

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true. And the Bible invaluable, as a book able to make men wise to eternal life. Nor have the wells been emptied, nor pots fallen up the chimnies, and none of those evils and impossibilities have yet happened.

The practice of drinking intoxicating liquors has had not a few advocates who settled the folly and falsity of the assertions of those opposed to them by the same short process; viz: producing the Bible evidence on subjects to which it gave no testimony, and misunderstanding its faithful description of customs of former days, as approbative of them, and authority for the practice of present times, while there is no parallel, nor analogy between them.

The Bible often uses common language and figures to express its truths to the mind, without affirming that the language, or mode of speaking or perceiving was true. To present to the minds of men scenes of

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happiness, it used those figures of speech and alluded to those customs in common use considered as presenting happiness to the people. Many, who "nail with Scripture" their opposition to total abstinence, read the affecting story of the Prodigal son, and the music and dancing representing the joy of the occasion, and still feel justifiable in excluding the dancing master, and dancers from the communion, while the liquor drinker and seller, are protected from the light of temperance, by excluding all temperance lecturing and meetings, from the Church, thus confirming the practice of a gross immorality by regarding as fit members for communion and church government men who gain their daily bread by providing the means for all the intemperance in the land! Just with as much propriety has the holy casting of lots by the Apostles, and the acknowledgment of

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God's "disposing the lot" been placed by gamblers in favour of games of chance.

The fact is that the Bible is not a book of geography, astronomy, physics, or of natural science. Yet it is remarkable that the holy men who wrote it, although ignorant of many things now familiar even to the school-boys, connected with natural science, never have stated anything which, when fairly understood, has been proven to be erroneous by the developments of philosophy. The Bible is the Book of Moral Philosophy; and wisely is confined to moral duties. All that it teaches on these subjects, is ever bright and perfect, and cannot be increased or diminished. But even the Bible, if it contained all that could be said on moral duties and subjects, would find the world unable to contain it. And the miserable subterfuge now offered by many for not reading it, because they have

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not the time to do so, would be literally true. This difficulty is avoided, by laying down great general principles, addressed to wise men, whose reason must be the guide in reducing them to practice. Thus, the Bible prohibits the sin of gluttony. Yet its sacred pages afford no direct directions how to avoid that sin, nor what men shall eat. Its general principles on this subject are brief: "Gluttony is a sin, avoid it." But as to eating, its teaching is: "The kingdom of God does not consist in meats and drinks. If a man eat not, he is none the better, if he eat he is none the worse. If eating meat brings offence, it is better not to eat it. But whether we eat or drink, do all to God's glory. All of his creatures are good, and to be received with thanksgiving."

The same remark applies to the sin of drunkenness. The Bible does not deter-

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mine what is right or wrong for men to drink. Nor does it attach moral worth to either the mere drinking or abstaining.—That it refers the whole subject to the decision of men's intellectual and moral principles, is evident from the fact of its declaring, that to him that thinketh it to be a sin, it is a sin; and he that doubteth is damned if he eat. The attempt, then, to force the terms used in the Bible as expressive of the views, or descriptive of the customs of men, either for or against the use of an article, is wrong, and will not stand that common-sense criticism, without which, all other criticisms fail to commend themselves to the judgment of men.

In the city of ——, in the commencement of the *total abstinence* movement, many of the clergy were unwilling that the subject should be agitated. "The time to build had not come." But they took spe-

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cial care to improve the time to tear down the views of those who cried aloud against the use of all intoxicating liquors. The young men of the city, however, prevailed on them to permit a temperance lecturer, who had devoted his life to the subject, at least to be heard for himself and others. They furnished him with the Scriptural arguments used in favour of intoxicating liquors. The first, That every creature of God was good, if used in moderation, was easily answered by the fact, that common-sense and the Saviour united in condemning a stone for bread, or a serpent for a fish being called good gifts when given to children. Yet it was nevertheless true that they were the creatures of God, and good creatures, too. Yet reason taught when to make the decision. A stone for bread, or a serpent for food, may be used by those who find pleasure in eating chalk and slate,

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a thing not uncommon, but would not be regarded as blessings by men of common-sense. Prove that an article is valuable to the interests of men in a certain sense, and in that sense it is a good creature. Yet in other uses and in other senses, it may be esteemed and called evil. When men have succeeded in showing the benefits derived by the social, intellectual, civil and moral interests of men by intoxicating liquors used in health, it will be time enough to call them good. The fact that wine is enumerated in the Psalms among the blessings of life, he endeavoured to answer by the fact that whatever the wine was then, and however adapted to bless mankind, no blessing attended its use *now*. And that if men regarded it as a blessing because it cheered, the Psalmist spoke of it only as it affected them, but did not pronounce it a blessing, but only avowed the fact that God made it,

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not that God declared it was a blessing for men to cheer their hearts with it, as a common beverage. Nor could it be proved that it was a blessing because abundance of vines were to be the portion of one of the Patriarchs; for all that is said there, is only a prophecy, which spoke in the same language of the "redness of eyes," the mark of the drunkard, a thing never regarded as a blessing, that would exist in the same portion. He illustrated the folly of making one part of a verse literal, and another figurative, by supposing a case in which a young man, fond of liquor, is about to be married to a girl opposed to its use. He urges that it is a blessing. She, that she doubts it, and if it is, as she means to dispense with it in her family, she sees no reason why it should be introduced at her bridals. He touches that card of "hating to be singular" in vain; for there are some

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who deem it no disgrace to be a "peculiar people," when conformity demands an abandonment of principle. He at last appeals to the famed verse, known to many wine drinkers. He maketh—"wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart."

"Here," says he, "wine is enumerated among the blessings of life."

"Yes; but not to be used when the heart is already merry. Medicinally it may be administered, as Paul directs in the case of Timothy. But what kind of wine shall we have?"

"Wine is wine, and any kind will do."

"But I heard a gentleman say the other day, that the wine used on a certain occasion, was so vile that it could not be drunk, and a committee was appointed to procure a better kind for the next requisition. The

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wine that they bought was so strong, that it had to be reduced before it could be used. And many of the unadulterated wines are almost as heady as brandy; while almost all of them contain more or less of most deadly and deleterious ingredients. Besides, there is the wine of Sodom, like the poison of dragons, and cruel venom of asps. Surely you would have none of these at our wedding?"

"No; but why be so particular? It is fashionable. My friends will expect it, and I hate to disappoint them."

"Well, if you will procure a wine that is not a mocker, I will not object."

"I tell you wine is wine; and there can be no harm in having every blessing at our espousals."

She agreed, after examining the subject, that wine should be used. The day arrives, all is ready. The bridegroom goes for his

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bride. In amazement he stands back, and with hands drawn back and face averted, enquires, "what on earth caused her thus to disfigure herself?"

She tells him, "You said that you desired to have every blessing at our espousals. The same passage that justified that for which you contended, also approves that which I have selected. You choose the wine, I the oil, so we have them both."

"But you ought to have remembered that there are different kinds of oil, and selected one less injurious in its effects, and less offensive to others, than the fish oil on your face."

"You refused to allow a distinction of wines, for no other reason than that wine is wine. And I know that oil is oil."

Now which was most orthodox, and had the best of the argument? The friends of temperance are not noted for seeking to de-

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prive themselves or the world of any blessing. While they have, without search, had forced upon them facts overwhelming in amount and nature of the evil effects of the use of intoxicating liquors, they have waited in vain for some one to demonstrate that its use has ever yet proved a blessing to mankind. All nature cries aloud against it. The spirit of the gospel is against it, and the experience and testimony of all ages join in testifying to the sad ravages it has committed on the earth.

Men are not wise in contending for that, which may be abandoned without sin, and cannot be continued without danger. What might have been the case in former times, now the line is drawn so closely around the different classes of users and non-users, that he who continues in its use, must have different reasons for his course, than those which are connected with either public

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good or public approbation. And they who marry drinkers of intoxicating liquors know the chance they run for happiness.

In former days, it was said that an obligation to abstain from liquor, created a strong desire to drink it. It was thought to grow out of a certain principle existing in human nature; it was not affirmed that the obligation created the principle, but brought it into action. If any believed the truth of this assertion, so far as drinking is concerned, but few believe it on any practical subject of life. What would be thought of a judge who would warn the jury against the wickedness of the witnesses, who because they were bound to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, would be much inclined to tell nothing but a lie? What would be the use of obligations, of promises, of bonds, if this doctrine were true? Did any one ever hear of a

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father granting his consent to his daughter's marriage, and when the bridegroom solemnly vowed to make her happy, rising and snatching her away, with the declaration, "Daughter, you shall not marry that man."

"Why not, father? Did you not consent to the match? Did you not say that you highly approved of the young man? Why now do you object?"

"Yes; I did commend your choice. And have no doubt that the young man is worthy. But there is a principle in human nature, that when a man binds himself, leads him most vehemently to desire to go contrary to his obligation. This fellow has gone and vowed to make you happy; and the principle of perversity will lead him to make you wretched."

Could any one believe that such positions are founded in truth? Are people willing

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to dispense with obligations in the transactions of life? Do not all men feel that a greater reliance is to be placed upon him, who from convictions of duty, is willing to bind himself to do what is right? The case is rare indeed in which any are willing that a daughter's or a sister's happiness would be exposed by their friends to one who was not willing to be bound, and who would not regard his obligation as a restraint from error, and a constraint to virtue. There was, however, one exception to the rule.

In former times, a clergyman was requested to be at a certain place to unite a couple in the bands of matrimony. The house was a log building, situated in a small field, surrounded by forests. When the minister came in sight, two men were sitting on the bars. They got down, and approaching him said; "We suppose that you are the minister?"

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"Yes, I am."

"You have come to marry the young folks, we reckon?"

"Such is the object of my coming."

"Well, you may go back again, for there will be no wedding here."

"Why not."

"Because, she is our sister, and we do not mean that she shall marry the man."

The minister endeavoured to reason them out of their resolution. But, "No; they would not consent, and he must go back and should not go forward." They threatened him sorely. But when they found that he was determined to proceed, they burst into a laugh and said; "We are only joking. We came to pull down the bars for you, and thought we would have a little fun with you. Come on, sir, we are glad to see you."

The news soon reached the assembly that

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the minister was coming. It was evident to him that something unusual was taking place, by the running about of the women, and shouts of the men, who were gathered around some attraction that greatly interested and delighted them. It seems that the whole party had a mortal aversion to doing without the "good creature" at a wedding. And as they were not rich enough to have wine, whiskey was made a substitute, not only without complaint, but to the great satisfaction of all present. Rich men, who have time to get drunk, and time to get sober, and time to endure the headach, drink wine. But the process of wine drinking is of too slow operation for men compelled to be in a hurry. The whiskey, on this occasion, had done its work quite speedily. Even at this early period of the evening many were too merry to be wise. The father was not so drunk

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as to forget that some respect was due to a minister. But his son Jim was just in that condition which makes advice an insult, and every body's opinions, except his own, exceedingly offensive. When the old man, therefore, attempted to reduce him to some kind of order, and to teach him how people ought to behave, Jim took it in high dudgeon. "Did he not know how to behave as well as any body could tell him! Had a man not the right to behave as he pleased, at his own sister's wedding? He guessed he had. And would like to see the man who dared to tell him he had not."

His father ordered him to be silent, and not to be playing the fool, or he would find some one that would make him hold his tongue.

"Hold my tongue! make me! said Jim. Who dare try that trick? I guess he would be after letting it alone a good deal faster

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than he undertook it. Who dare touch me?"

The old man was in a fighting state, and looked upon Jim's language not only as insulting, but also a challenge. He would not stand that. He pitched right at Jim, who was too drunk to run, and not sober enough to resist the onset made upon him thus unexpectedly. He fell, and the old man's centre of gravity seemed to be so far without the base that he had to fall with him, but at such a distance as to weaken much the blows that flew from heels and fist, fast, though feeble. The by-standers enjoyed the fight, and encouraged the combatants as each seemed to require the stimulant of praise to prompt them on. It is surprising what an effect hurrahs produce on animal courage. But few men would fight, if they were hissed at all the time or if there were none to applaud. What plea-

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sure men can find in that which gives pain to others must be a strange character. But some one has observed, that whatever affords fun to one, is sure to be pain to another. But at this period, such scenes but seldom were regarded in any other light than fit subjects for a hearty laugh when all became sober, and but little injury was done to either party. They were too drunk to do much execution. Two sober men in half the time would have done twice the mischief, with half the exertion. The minister separated the combatants, and kept them in tolerable trim, by threatening that there should be no wedding if they did not behave.

After rather long delay the parties presented themselves to be united. The Bridegroom was a plain honest man, who seemed as though he had set out in good earnest to meet his fate in honest industry.

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There was nothing about his dress that seemed to imply that it was not paid for. And his whole appearance indicated that he intended to make his bride happy, if he could. The Bride was dressed somewhat unique. She wore a white cambric frock with flounces made of red paper to imitate roses, and between the flounces, the white down feathers of the turkey were arranged, as many thought, most tastefully. Her head had nothing on it, but her own glossy black hair. And no ornament, except the roses and feathers was about her person. But among the thousand fine women that may be found in the world, few excelled that person in proportions and symmetry. She had never been taught the sin of going into company with the beautiful form that the Creator gives to his creatures, and had not yet found out that she could not be kept from falling to pieces, unless she was

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shrouded and stayed like a corn broom. Leading an active life, and being much in the open air, her form was almost perfect. It is true there was a great difference between her appearance and that of some dandies of modern days, who feel shocked at the thought of being seen with any thing natural about them. And therefore continue to have themselves compressed into a form something like nothing that skill or wisdom ever made, or beauty admired. She was a model of what a wife ought to be.

Jim, her brother, who had for some time been apparently inattentive to every thing around him, seemed to arouse himself as the ceremony commenced, and thoughts of the honour of his family crowded upon him. And he interrupted the service, by advising his sister how to behave. "Lucy," said he, "hold up your head, and don't be

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scared. None of your name was never cowards. When the parson asks you a question, answer him just as you please, yes or no. But don't whisper as if you never halloed at the hogs in your life. Go it."—He was prevailed upon to desist. But there was the blinking of the eye, and nodding of head, and lolling of the tongue, besides some restless movements, which clearly proved that Jim intended to see fair play and have all things done rightly. He however said nothing, until the Bridegroom was asked, "Do you promise to be faithful, kind, indul"—Jim could hold in no longer. He exclaimed, "stop parson, stop, you need not make Bob (the Bridegroom) promise a thing. Let him off, let him off."

He was told that it was necessary, and could not be omitted.

"Ah well, said he, go ahead—But, (turning to the Bridegroom) Bob, you needint

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mind a thing you tell that man." Rolling up his sleeves and slapping his fists, then extending one of them before Bob's eyes, he said, in as proud and as martial tone as ever general uttered, "Look at this! Do you see it? Don't it look like a hominey pestle? I say don't it? Well, remember, as long as you live, you need not mind a bit what you promise the parson. But while Luce has a brother Jim, he will make you do the thing that's right."

How fortunate it would be, if all had brother Jim's to make them do the thing that's right! Moral obligations, voluntarily assumed, seem to be the very thing, the brother Jim, required to protect us from ourselves, and from others. So the virtuous have always believed; and none but those who rely on brute force to protect themselves, while they claim the privilege of

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violating the rights of others, ever practically adopted a different theory.

As soon as the marriage ceremony was over, a young man came up, and addressed the minister.

"You came here to marry these folks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you done did it now. We came here to dance, and we'll did it too."

This was intended as a mark of respect to the minister, or at least as an evidence that they did not wish his comfort interrupted by their amusement, but would not abandon it if it did. He was also at the same time invited to stay to supper, in such terms as would make a refusal impossible, without giving serious offence. The dancing commenced, as regular business, to be kept up as long as legs could be kept in motion. There was no cessation, nor set renewal

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of the reel or jig, or whatever the thing was called. "Cut out and cut in," seemed to be an appropriate title for it. As one became too tired, or drunk, to hold on, another took his place. And if in the margin and threadings of the figure, if form or figure it was, any one was left out, or got into a wrong position, the right place was occupied by the first who was fortunate enough to find it. Jim, however, never lost his partner. For he had selected a bottle which he held and twirled as a waltz dancer does his partner, until he fell either exhausted by fatigue or overcome by the charms of his "selected," and was rolled out of the way, to wake no more that night.

The supper was announced at a late hour. And such a supper is not always seen. People who have learned how "not to be singular," fashionable people, who

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seem all the time striving to be first in the fashion, and rejoice in being the first to receive the "newest," may account for it as they can, why, with the "dread of being diferent from others" always on their lips, they are ever on the stretch to be different from every body else. And as soon as every body adopts their mode, it becomes common, vulgar. It is no longer "the fashion," and she who dresses and acts "like every body" is a singular woman. But one thing is certain, that if to differ from all, to be new, unheard of, is fashion, this was the most fashionable supper ever set. There was none of those little plates of chip meats and fish, and big glasses of whipped foam, and salvers of bloated nothing, which look so tempting at rich feasts, and yet send the guests away as hungry as a hyena and ravenous as a wolf. But solid, substantial articles, such

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as ought to compose the bill of fare for those who eat to satisfy hunger, was spread before you.

The minister was placed at the lower end of the table, as the post of honour. He was asked to "say grace." But it was more than he could do with ease, for once, at least, in his life. Immediately under him was what they called a barbecue of pig. Pig, indeed! Judging from certain appendages on the half that was stuck entirely across the table, one could not resist the impression that it had been the mother of many pigs. The eye sought to relieve itself from this object, and fell upon a pyramid of butter, with here and there tasteful plumes of feathers sticking on the top and around it. In the centre of the table was the king dish. Small homony or rice had been moulded so as to represent eggs, and placed in a deep dish. On this, laying on

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his back, head, gills and beak on, his legs stretched towards the heavens, spurred and toed, was a large rooster, greatly admired by all present. Coffee was ladled from a large iron pot, kept constantly boiling; and those who, to the question, "Tea or coffee?" selected tea, had it ladled from the same vessel. Nor is it known that any ever yet have been able to determine that there was any difference between the dishes. The revel and the dancing and the eating continued until all were satisfied, or put beyond the power of knowing that they were not.

In some things, this wedding of former times, differed not at all from weddings of the same period among the rich. The uproar might have been more loud, but not more foolish. The dancing might have been more laborious, but not more fatiguing. And the whole affair may have been fol-

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lowed with serious consequences, but not more so than follow the debauches of the wealthy, which were longer continued and under more urging and tempting appliances among them than among the poor. Liquor is a leveller. A wise man and a fool, a refined woman and a shrew, drunk, very closely approximate. One may talk learned nonsense, and the other wear gold and silks; but both their attainments appear like jewels in a swine's snout, while the condition of the lower classes in the same predicament does not seem to be lower than theirs. The sufferings of the refined would indeed be greater than the uneducated, if the term "polished" always meant the wearing away the baser and rougher covering of the affections, so that they could be easily affected. But oftentimes the acquisition of wealth is like the gathering of dirt around a coal pit, that keeps in all the

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heat, until all within is charred and blackened. Sometimes, however, education is rightly directed, and then how the heart suffers from results which originate or are countenanced at weddings!

A young lady of exquisite sensibility, married a young gentleman who resided several hundred miles from her. His father's standing was high, and his wealth enabled him to move in the fashionable circles of society, of which he made a part. The young gentleman had much about him that was captivating and pure. He seemed to have no fixed habits of vice, and to be an admirer of virtue. When he took his bride home, the father gave a large party, and according to the customs of former days, intoxicating liquors formed a prominent part of the feast. The bridegroom had to drink with every body, and became intoxicated. It is useless to speak of the

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pain his young bride felt, and deep mortification she experienced at his conduct. His officious attentions, his blundering and offensive departures from strict propriety, were nothing to compare to the acute sting that pierced her soul, when she saw and knew that her Henry could get drunk. She had never dreamed of a scene like this. In her father's house it would not have been allowed, and the neighbourhood in which she had been raised, had no card-playing, swearing men in it, who could be recognized as gentlemen. But her Henry was drunk. He seemed to prefer the card-table to her society. And he swore at her when she entreated him to retire, besides acting in the most immodest way. The next morning he and his father laughed at the transactions of the past night. Said that they were common at weddings, and were justifiable sprees. He told his new

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daughter to cheer up and not to mind it. Her husband laughed at her fears; but would not promise not again to repeat the offence, as she considered it, but the innocent spree, as he termed it. Love's young dream was over. A cruel suspicion took the place of reposing confidence. And although the young husband was kind, generous, liberal to a fault in endeavouring to make her happy, and never drank habitually to excess when at home, yet so frequent were the occasions in which, if he drank at all, it was almost impossible not to drink too much, his wife felt and knew that those weddings would prove the death of her hopes and the funeral of her peace. And so they did. Both father and son died drunkards, after being estranged from each other. And the wife was left a widowed mother, with children exposed for life to

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groan under the legacy of a drunkard's name.

A young gentleman, who was rapidly contracting the disease of drunkenness, was advised to change his abode, under the hope that a change of associates might also be followed by a change of habits. Providentially he was introduced into a circle where anything like intemperance, as it was then regarded, would exclude a young man from it. His profession rendered it important that he should retain its confidence. There were no temperance societies then. No pledge, and but few warning voices against the use of liquor. But there was one man who often advised him to let intoxicating liquors alone. And he took his advice. After some time, he became engaged to be married. His friends advised him to make his betrothed acquainted with the previous history of his life. It were

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better that she should know it before marriage than afterward; that she should learn it from his lips than from those of strangers. Repose unlimited confidence, pour out your whole soul, its very secret thoughts into woman's bosom, and if she love at all, she will love the more. She rejoices in no manifestation of affection more than in that which prompts a revelation of past errors, when accompanied with promise of amendment, and repentance, and reformation, to be secured and perfected under her influences. The lady was intelligent; and while she admired the frankness and noble candor than made her lover a self-accuser, and loved him the more for it; yet she felt that love without prudence was an unsafe guide to happiness. She consulted with the friend of her suitor, and told him all her fears, and begged his advice.

"That will depend entirely upon what

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he voluntarily said after he made his disclosures."

"He promised that he never would touch another drop without my consent, nor out of my presence."

"Did he do this in consequence of any entreaty on your part?"

"No sir; it was his unsolicited offer."

"I think that you may trust him. He is high-minded and honourable. If you never consent to it, he will never drink. You have his destiny and your own in your keeping. See to it that you prove faithful."

Several long months elapsed before the wedding. During this time they were in many companies, and, of course had frequent offers to join in drinking with the respectable and refined. But he never touched a drop. He resisted their invitations, and withstood their jests and sarcasms.

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The bright approving look of his love, was sweeter to him than wine, and her approbation dearer than the praise of a world. He did not deny that it cost him much effort to withstand the temptation. He spoke of the pleasure he had enjoyed in the social circle under the cheering influence of wine, which seemed to him to be a generous ally of convivial bliss. He described his mother's skill in making egg-nog, and brewing mint-slings, and of the luxury of such drinks. But he gladly, cheerfully gave them all up for her sake. Her pride was flattered by it; and she saw, and knew that he was master of himself. She heard with inward exultation, the young men wondering "What had come over Henry? He would not touch even the mildest kinds of liquors." She knew, from this, that not only in, but also out of her presence, his honour bound him; he was safe.

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They were married. On the very evening of her nuptials, she offered him a glass of wine. She had no fears of his former appetite ever reviving. She gave it to him, "because he liked it so well; and knew he could control himself." And so he did, if going according to one's own will can be called self-control. He felt bound by his honour, not to drink without her consent. But he knew how to obtain that. And sometimes, when in company he drank under circumstances so similar to those in which his wife would not object, that he felt as though he had her implied consent to the act. And he never concealed the transaction from her.

His wife, though not fond of drinking, yet like most of ladies in those days, did not always refuse a glass of wine. Persons whose principles do not lead them to abstain, and who sometimes use a little, do

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not readily suspect nor detect danger in those, whose sentiments and practices coincide with their own.

His wife did not therefore perceive nor apprehend any danger. She knew that he could abstain if he would. He did not drink as much as many pious men. He had never been seen drunk as yet. She did not wish that he should "be singular," and had no objections to his joining, occasionally, in parties, and participating in all the refreshments. Once or twice he seemed to be affected. But he laid it to the confounded strong liquor, and wondered "how people could deceive their guests with such vile stuff."

So things went on, until the friend who had deeply interested himself in their welfare found that his plain remonstrances were becoming unwelcome. A few years after he received a message urgently desir-

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ing his presence at ———, some distance from his abode. He complied with it, and was met by the wife of this once honourable young man, who with tears and a breaking heart said, "Sir, my husband is a drunkard. Oh can you not save him?" The effort was made too late. Had he died sooner, he might have left his family in better circumstances. Had he lived longer his wife would have known more sorrow. Who can realize the sufferings of a mother who lives for her babes, yet knows that happiness can never be hers while their father lives! Who can ever know what that woman suffered from her imprudence and cruel tender mercy in offering her husband a glass of wine at a Wedding in Former Times!

It may be thought by some that none but men fell victims to those customs. If such had been in the court room of Philadelphia

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last week, they would change their minds. A man was compelled to appear against his own wife. His heart was bowed down, and his eyes were wet, as he told his tale of sorrow. That wife had driven one of his and her little girls out of the house, and with a blow struck with a piece of wood, had knocked loose two teeth in the mouth of another, who for more than two weeks, lay uncertain whether it would live or die. The judge inquired whether she had always been unkind and cruel? The husband testified that she had not. For six years after their marriage she had been all that a wife could be. Oh how happy, happy they had been! But now all was changed. She was in the habit of attending gay and fashionable parties, and there formed a fondness for wine. It was in vain that he remonstrated. The habit grew upon her, until at last it had no bounds,

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and he could no longer endure it. As he dwelt upon the joys of past days and the horrors of the present, his wife sat pale and trembling in the prisoner's box. Deep emotions were struggling in her bosom. She could no longer resist, but bursting into tears, cried out, "Oh Samuel, forgive me just this once, and I will never drink again." Her husband ran to her, and leaning over her, with a tenderness unutterable said, "Sarah, say that again. Do you say you will never drink again?"

"I do. Forgive me, oh forgive me. I will sign the pledge."

The husband turned to the judge, and exclaimed, "She says she will drink no more, she will sign the pledge. Will your honour pardon her. We will be happy again. For she is a dear woman, and I can depend upon her." The judge, jury and lawyers, all were in tears, and the parties

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were permitted to depart in search of a pledge, and no doubt in prospect of more happiness than they had known for years.

A young man of tender sensibilities, who drank no liquor himself, but who laughed at the idea that danger lurked in an occasional glass, and ridiculed the declaration, "Tetotalism or no wife," married a woman, whose pride of birth, attainments, and position in society, seemed to afford ample security, that, if bliss could be found on earth, it might be found with her. She, however, loved to sip a little wine, and to attend wine parties. After a few years, a friend of his met him in the streets, and marking the sadness of his countenance, kindly asked the cause. Bursting into tears, with a deep groan that seemed to come from a heart that would burst, he said "I cannot tell you," and left him, wondering what could be the cause of such intense suffering.

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Shortly after a notice appeared in the papers, "Died suddenly ——, wife of ——."

The same friend meeting him again, commenced condoling with him on his loss. Hanging on his friend's shoulder, he said, "My friend, come with me, and I will tell you all about it. My Jane was a drunkard. I loved her too much to suspect her, until suspicion and reality burst upon me at once. Even then, her promises of amendment, and a diminishing, for a while, of the quantity she drank, made me foolishly believe that my fears were groundless. Jane was affectionate and devoted in her love. When our babe was given to us I hoped that its defencelessness now, and its reputation hereafter, would be to her a pledge no more to sin. But who can tell the strength of that demon passion for liquor! Jane had an excuse, that porter and ale aided her in giving food for the babe; and used

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it too profusely. To hide her sin and shame from the world, I staid at home, though to me it was a hell! A drunken wife! The fair thing of hope, purity, modesty, loveliness, affection, and around whom all that could make life pleasant, stretched out on the floor a beastly drunkard! Now, with the idiotic affection of the inebriate, disgustingly fond; and then, with the demons fancy, savage and resentful! Now, blasphemously profane; then, in tears and bitter lamentations, condemning her conduct. Again glorying and boasting and rejoicing in her sin; then despairing of all hopes of reform! Oh those sights, those scenes, by night and day, without cessation and without hope! Who could endure them!"

For some days previous to her death, she made an effort to reform, which promised success. He had business a little distance

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from home, that required his attention. On leaving home, he affectionately encouraged her to persevere in her reformation, and by no means to touch the bottle. He hoped the fresh air, and exercise would refresh his spirits. But he who carries with him a heavy heart, and its cause at home, finds rest and comfort no where. When he returned home, on entering the house, a most disagreeable odour was perceptible. He got up stairs he scarcely knew how. And in the fire place, lay his wife burnt to death, the bottle beside her, pressing the dead babe to her bosom. Both mother and babe were buried in one grave. And in a few months more, the tomb received this mourning and desolated husband, heart-broken into its bosom.

A young man of wealth and talents sufficient to make him useful, married a girl of prospects equal to his own. They both

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loved parties, and partook of the wine cup. The sequel is soon told. They both became intemperate. Their prosperity was soon gone, and they had to abandon home. An intimate friend, who had often associated with them in the first society of Philadelphia, two years ago was lecturing on the subject of temperance in A——. He saw a man turning a hand organ in the streets, accompanied by a female, playing on a tamborine. The faces of both seemed familiar, and recognizing them, he made himself known. There stood that girl, whose voice had sounded in lofty halls, and whose hands as they swept over the keys of the piano were envied and desired by many a gallant heart. She, who was born to wealth, and educated to enjoy its refinements, there she stood, poorly clad, hiding her face in her calash, unwilling to be recognized, and urgently saying to her

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husband, "let us go, let us go." When asked what had reduced them to the low occupation of strolling through the world begging their bread on foot, when they might have been rolling in wealth and riding in pomp, the husband replied, it was wine and parties that ruined us.

Some may have thought that the account of the Father and Son's fight at the country wedding was fictitious, or if true, is true only of former days. Would that it were so. But it is not.

In the year 184– in one of the first cities of the Union, two young men were seen greatly enraged coming out of a tavern, and engaging in a desperate street fight. The landlord, ran out and called to have them parted—"They are brothers, and their father is rich. Run for their father, let him bring his carriage and take them home." The father came, and the sons, forgetting

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their own disputes, fell both upon him, and beat him most dreadfully. This was witnessed by hundreds in the streets. No: it is not fiction. Fiction, fancy, never yet could stretch their wings to the awful field of reality extending through the land of intemperance. And if the pictures of drinking weddings and social parties in former days have their dark shades, they are not deeper than those which are painted by the same causes at the present day.

One of the loveliest women, most beautiful, one of the few that wives could endure to hear their husbands call beautiful, because really she was excelling fair and lovely, became acquainted with a young man who was attending the medical lectures in —— 184–. He was almost a perfect Adonis. His figure, his manner, his noble countenance, his obliging, winning, intelligent intercourse with all, won the

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affection of all. Seldom were two to be found of both of whom it could be said with so much propriety, to see them was to love them. It is no wonder that they loved each other. But marriage is for life, and has its bearing deep and important on eternity. The young lady judiciously declined an engagement, until she was satisfied of the standing of the man to whom she was to entrust her property, and person, and honour. From letters received from his native state, from the professors and students, from all who knew him, one undivided testimony was given as to high birth, sufficient property, promising talents, amiable disposition, and unsullied character. There was one little blot however resting upon him. "He had not sowed all of his wild oats, and sometimes in congenial company drank a little too freely." But no fears were entertained that he would be a

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drunkard. She freely confessed her love for him, and frankly spoke of this habit as the only impediment in the way of their union. He promised that he would be more guarded in future, and that he would never again exceed the bounds of moderation. How easily is love persuaded! she believed him, trusted him, married him.

Did he keep his promise? He did not deliberately break it. But who is sure of escaping the legitimate tendency of moderate drinking? This young man added only one more to the number of those who never intended to be drunkards, and yet are made so by moderate drinking.

Not more than a year ago (1844), one who had often gazed upon that lovely girl, and esteemed her as a sister, and was regarded by her as a brother, met with her in B——. A few years only had passed since they parted. But they had been years of

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sorrow to her. Her beauty, and bloom, and sprightliness were gone. There was not a vestige of the lovely Mary remaining, except that black eye; and even it had lost its sparkling and had grown dim, not from age, but weeping. To say that she wept while she told her grief to her friend is not true. The fountain of tears had dried up with her. Those who have lost all hope seem to lose much consciousness of feeling. There are bruises on the heart that render it callous. So it was with her. Her husband's downfall, neglect of her, and unkindness, his bankruptcy, his loss of character, all were told with a voice that seemed mechanically to be repeating sounds made familiar by long endurance. But when she came to the sufferings of her children, homeless, naked, uneducated, the mother arose in her bosom; and her black eye flashed with the fire of resentment.

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Drawing up her form into a posture of injured dignity, she said, while all the woman was now apparent, "I can, I do forgive him all that I have suffered myself. I loved him, toiled for him, wore away my beauty, destroyed my health, parted from my fortune, became an outcast from society, shrunk into the abodes of want and coarseness, and oftentimes had to associate with those who hated virtue." Pointing to her tattered garments as evidence of her poverty, and to wounds and bruises on her body in proof of his brutality: "I endured it all without repining or murmuring, for his sake; for I loved him. But he is unkind to my babes. He is cruel to my children—he is cruel to my children!!" Her feelings overcame her.—O! these wedding days of recent times differ not from wedding days of former times. Dared any one to write all that they knew about families that

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scorned to hear the name of temperance, names and facts more awful than any mentioned would be given, known to thousands, that surely would arouse the public, and enlist every heart and hand in the effort to make this land of ours forever free from the curse of intemperance. For the weddings of the present day, unless the customs of society be entirely renovated, will make the soul sorrowful and the heart mourn, just like Wedding Days of Former Times.

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